

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1087.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1841.

[PRICE 2d.

Original Communications.

THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL.

A MEETING was held at Oxford, Nov. 17, 1838, and a resolution passed, "That the best mode of testifying a grateful admiration of the pious martyrs, would be the erection of a monumental structure, in which architecture and sculpture should combine to record the fact of their preferring the endurance of a most cruel death to a sacrifice of principle." But though the motives and purposes had been well represented in that meeting, nothing was settled as to the nature of the intended memorial, till the general meeting of subscribers, Jan. 31, 1839, when it was resolved, that a church should be built near the place where the martyrs suffered, and that it should be made commemorative, chiefly by external decorations, of their faith and fortitude, and of the cause and occasion of their sufferings. Every effort was subsequently made by the committee to carry this resolution into effect; but no site could be obtained within such a radius from their place of martyrdom as could in any sense be called near it, that place being in the centre of the city, and densely covered and surrounded by houses to a very great distance on every side.

Under this impossibility of building a church anywhere near the spot, another general meeting was held in March 5, 1841, when it was further resolved, "That, (as the most appropriate method of carrying out the spirit of the resolution of the public meeting held Jan. 31, 1839,) a monumental structure should be erected at the northern extremity of St. Mary Magdalene churchyard, in connexion with the rebuilding and enlarging the northern side of that church, so as to be capable of containing about the same number of persons as it was proposed to accommodate in a separate church or chapel: the aisle to be called the Martyrs' Aisle, and to be made commemorative of them, their acts and sufferings, chiefly by external decorations." This resolution merely changed the mode of accomplishing the great ends which were proposed to be effected by a Martyrs' Memorial Church.

It was intended from the first, that the monument to the memory of the martyrs should be coupled with another of a higher and holier nature—a monument to the God of Martyrs. It was thus that the words of the inscription which had been originally agreed to, were to receive their best illustration and complete fulfilment. The monument was to be "to the glory of God, and in grateful commemoration of his servants." It was not to be a monument simply expressive of the veneration which the subscribers felt for the martyrs themselves; nor of their admiration of those Christian graces which adorned their lives, and carried them through their fiery trial, and enabled them, from the midst of the burning fuel and ascending flames, to pour forth their aspirations after heaven, and to declare, as long as their words were audible and intelligible, their trust in God's mercy, and their Redeemer's love. It was not intended that this monument should merely commemorate their holy lives or their heroic deaths, or the energies of that excellent spirit within them, which bade them make a good confession and bear witness to the truths which they had taught and defended, even to the last moments of exhausted and expiring nature. If these alone had been the objects of the proposed memorial, it appeared to many that too much honour would have been paid to the creature, and too little to the Creator; it was successfully urged, that the structure should be one which was to serve two purposes, that it should be a church as well as a monument; an edifice to the glory of God, as a place of worship, and an edifice gratefully commemorative of his servants; one in which congregations might bless and praise the God of their fathers for having restored sound scriptural doctrines, and at the same time bring to mind, by the aid of sculpture and inscription, the personal acts, sufferings, and services of the holy men employed by the Almighty in bringing about this great restoration.

That which was finally and unanimously

resolved upon, in March 5th, 1840, and is now in course of execution, will effect those two great purposes by separate and distinct structures.

The prominent feature of our engraving is the Memorial Monument; on the right, in the background, is represented the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, which has been pulled down to make way for the Memorial Aisle. When these buildings are completed, the first will be dedicated to the honour of the martyrs, the second, to the glory of God; but, at the same time, such a connexion will be maintained between them, by means of their contiguity to each other, by their conformity in point of architectural character, and especially by the proximity of both to the spot where the martyrs yielded their bodies to be burned (for St. Mary Magdalene Church is nearly opposite to it), that it will be at once perceived that both the aisle and the monument are but parts of the same memorial, both results of the same mindfulness of God and his servants, both evidences of one and the same spirit of religious gratitude for the blessing of the Reformation.

The memorial committee referred the distinguished architects who competed for the honour of supplying the design for the Martyrs' Monument, to the Gothic order of architecture, but particulary to those admirable examples of good taste and workmanship which are found in the memorial crosses erected by the affection of the First Edward to the memory of Queen Eleanor, and generally known by the name of the Eleanor Crosses; and still further to direct taste and talent in their competition, they selected the celebrated structure at Waltham, as that which was to serve generally as the pattern, or rather, as the specimen, which was to supply the rules and principles upon which, without anything of servile imitation, the monumental part of the Martyrs' Memorial was to be constructed. The design given in by Messrs. Scott and Moffatt was preferred to those of six able and experienced competitors, as embodying and exhibiting with the best effect the thoughts, feelings, and intentions of the committee in this part of their undertaking.

Messrs. Scott and Moffatt's design exhibits a monument of the Eleanor sort, hexagonal in its geometrical construction, and in its form and character bearing a general resemblance to that of Waltham. It is raised on an hexagonal platform of steps; its shaft, like all the monuments of this sort, consists of three stories, stages, or sets-off, with a terminating member; its basement story is the least decorated, and the most substantial; the two stories above it the lightest, and the most adorned: there is, moreover, such an admirable grouping

and compages of buttresses, pediments, canopies, crockets, finials—such gracefulness in the form or mode of their ascent—such a beautiful convergency of all the three stories, and their several parts and appendages, to the apex, or extreme point, that it appeared to the committee to fulfil, and more than fulfil, their most sanguine hopes.

The month of May, 1841, was selected for the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone, not because it was the return of a centenary of the deaths of the martyrs,—for Bishop Ridley and Latimer suffered martyrdom on the 16th Oct. 1556, and Archbishop Cranmer, on the 21st March, 1556,—but because the Bible in the English tongue was first appointed to be distributed through every parish-church in England, in that month, three hundred years ago.

On May 19th, 1841, accordingly, the foundation-stone of the Martyrs' Memorial was laid by the Rev. Dr. Plumptre, chairman of the committee of management. When the stone had been duly lowered upon the platform, the chairman read the inscription, which had been engraved on a plate of copper, previous to its being deposited in the hollow formed to receive it.

TO THE GLORY OF GOD,
AND IN GRATEFUL COMMEMORATION OF HIS SERVANTS,
THOMAS CRANMER,
NICHOLAS RIDLEY,
HUGH LATIMER,
FRELATES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,
WHO NEAR THIS SPOT
YIELDED THEIR BODIES TO BE BURNED,
BEARING WITNESS
TO THE SACRED TRUTHS
WHICH THEY HAD AFFIRMED AND MAINTAINED
AGAINST THE ERROR OF THE CHURCH OF ROME,
AND REJOICING
THAT TO THEM IT WAS GIVEN
NOT ONLY TO BELIEVE IN CHRIST
BUT ALSO TO SUFFER FOR HIS SAKE,
THIS MONUMENT
WAS ERECTED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD GOD
MDCCCLX.

This inscription is the same as that which will be engraved on the base, and which will be seen by the public. The statues of the three martyrs represented in the engraving are to be executed under the superintendance of Sir Francis Chantrey, from blocks of Caen stone, of superior quality. The stone for the body of the memorial is to be obtained from the same quarries as those which have been selected for the houses of parliament.

TO A LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER YOUNGEST CHILD.

The stricken heart, like chords o'er which some violent hand hath passed,
Though long it vibrates to the stroke, lies gently hushed at last;
And through the lingering shades of grief that haunt the brow awhile,
As sunlight bursts through parting clouds beams joy's returning smile.

To bid thee, lady, not to weep, were both unkind
And vain—
The eye whose sorrow melts in tears is soonest
bright again;
To wake the hidden, burning drop, is love's first,
fondest care,
And all that grief from friendship claims—best so-
lace—is to share.

The spirit of thy youngest-born hath passed from
whence it came,
And cold the lip that just had learned to breathe a
mother's name:
A beauteous flower, within thy breast a little while
it lay,
Just twined its tendrils round thine heart, and
then—'twas torn away.

The radiant drop that's shrined amidst the rose-
bud's opening charms—
The young star swathed in crimson light, and
clasped in morning's arms,
Fades not away with sweeter ray—is not more
pure and bright
Than shone that gift which ne'er again on earth
may bless thy sight.

No more its seraph-tones shall fall like music on
thine ear—
No more awake within thy heart the pulse of hope
or fear—
Its little hands, in grief or joy, around thy neck
entwine,
Or, from a father's arms transferred, lie nestling
soft in thine.

Heaven's blessings fall like summer rain around
us day by day,
Yet oft its love is more displayed in what it takes
away;
We dream of earth and earthly things, till, issuing
from the grave,
Some echo bids our hearts awake and turn to Him
who gave.

Yet, lady, art thou not unblest—not of thine all
bereft;
There are who call thee mother still—two ripening
buds are left;
Look on that boy that near thee stands, and gazes
on thee now;
His noble bearing, beaming eye—the promise on
his brow.

Look on that girl's transparent cheek, where
health and beauty dwell,
O'er which the soul each moment flings some new
and lovelier spell;
What would maternal love or pride—what could
thy fondest prayer
Ask for each form, each gentle heart, thou find'st
not written there?

The voice of song is all too weak to chase the
pangs of woe,
His hand alone can heal the wound whose wisdom
dealt the blow;
Yet still the poet's prayer may rise, nor wholly,
p'rhaps, in vain,
That Heaven may soothe thy troubled heart and
peace be thine again. H. C.

WOMAN'S REVENGE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

PART I.

NONE excelled, and few equalled, on the coast of Spain the beauty of Lady Enna; nor ever did truer knight couch lance in defence of the walls of old Castile, and in honour of its peerless dames, than her manly husband, Ludovick. They seemed formed to command that homage which honour, love, and virtue ever do: on her fair face one might perceive the kind, beneficent heart

that throbbed within her breast; and in his bold and towering front might be distinguished the manly, upright virtue, that characterized his actions. He was a warrior of noble frame and distinguished prowess; invincible alike in the gayer tourney or more deadly battle; a scourge alike to the wicked and to the enemies of his country: the low-born quailed beneath his eye, while the nobler fell beneath his arm; the minstrels loved to sing his praise; and many fair ladies sighed in envy of the lovely Enna, when they heard in their bowers the goodly praises the minstrels bestowed on that puissant knight. But vain might be her sighs, for his heart was devoted to his wedded wife, and nought could change his love.

Their bridal feast had now gone by a twelvemonth, and the pompous and formal rejoicings of the first months had subsided into the more touching joys and more endearing companionship of the bower—where they loved to hold that sweet converse, which minds elevated by the soft emotion of deep-rooted love alone can feel. On a summer's eve, when the deepening shades told Enna she might expect the return of her husband from the gay and busy court, he with heavy step and heavier heart, for the first time since their alliance, entered that love-fraught bower.

"In the name of all that is dear," cried Enna, casting her arms around his steel-cased neck, "tell me, my Ludovick, what hath caused this change in thee? what hath crossed thee, love?"

"Ill news have I for thee, dear Enna;" answered he, "no longer shall I share thy peaceful bower; no longer shall I listen to thy pretty tales of love; no longer kiss thy love-inviting lips! No, I must to arms; my country calls me to battle for its rights!"

"Oh, short-lived joy!" cried Enna; "are we to part?"

"Again to meet; when on my head fresh honours shall be poured! I go to scourge the Turk, with thousands of warriors—brave warriors of Spain, my partners in the strife! Thy husband shall return with the bright trophies of captured banners, and the loud shout of thousands in his train—his name upheld to honour—spoken with reverence by all Spanish men! And thou shalt esteem me, dear, more worthy of thy love!"

"I must not mourn, then," cried Enna; "but while thou art away days will seem years; and my only joy will be, some kind messenger to tell me of thy glory, and dreams of thy return."

Ere a month had passed, the sun gleamed on the bright armour of Count Ludovick, as he issued from Castile with his band of warriors to join the body of his

country's troops, who were already fighting with the Turk, where we will leave him, hewing his way among the enemy, creating pools of blood and heaps of tawny slain, and follow the *fortunes* of our fair heroine.

For nearly twelve months did she keep herself aloof from the world, closeted in retirement; whole days would she love to sit and to contemplate with fervent look and fervent hope some gift of her absent husband; or pore with eagerness over the book he loved to read when together in the bower. But constant tidings of his health and safety, his prowess, his success in arms, gave her a confidence which gradually wore off a portion of her anxiety; and repeated invitations to court, to visit those friends who had been companions of her husband, at last summoned her from seclusion. And how delighted was she to find that her change enabled her to converse of her husband, and gave her more frequent opportunities of hearing of him. But alas! how soon may the cup of nectar be dashed from our lips; how quickly will happiness turn to bitterness and despair, especially in the innocent and unprotected—as quickly as the dark, lowering, stormy cloud, wafted by the winds of heaven, doth obscure the mighty sun.

It may easily be imagined that the beauty of Enna had raised up no few admirers, who, when her husband was near, dared not so much as breathe to themselves their very thoughts; but him they had no longer to fear; and tender looks were giving way to tender speeches; and those who sought merely to gain a sight of her form as she passed by, were now struggling to render her some service to draw her attention. For a time she was unconscious how far she had attracted the attention of so many; for her mind was superior to evil thought; and want of knowledge of the world led her to esteem all as virtuous as herself in idea and deed. Alas! how much she erred!

The truth, however, was too glaring, and could no longer be concealed; and much anxiety and annoyance did it give her. But they were too puny and insignificant to withdraw and seclude her from society; she merely contented herself with casting them to a distance with disgust and wounded pride.

PART II.

While matters stood thus, there came from the army Lord Xavier, bearing important despatches to Philip, the then king of Spain, praying him to raise fresh troops, and transport them with all speed to the south. It was at a time when the king was surrounded by his nobles and a galaxy of beauteous dames, that Lord Xavier had the honour of presenting his despatches, and had full time to view with admiration

the amazing beauty that surrounded him. He was a man of no pretensions, save a large and muscular frame, a dark, piercing eye, and a pair of lips, on which ever sat a peculiar sinister smile, that bespoke villainy of purpose. A strange foreboding seized on the heart of Enna as she caught his gaze full on her face, and that with no concealed expression of intense admiration; her heart seemed frozen within her, as she saw in him an old neglected lover, whom she had ever feared, and ever despised; she knew not why, but she dreaded the man more at that moment than she ever had done. The court is at an end, and the nobles pass under the platform where the ladies are seated; Lord Xavier, as he passed Lady Enna, bestowed on her a rude, vulgar, but admiring stare, and whispered audibly, "would she were mine!"

She could not mistake his thought, his purpose; she knew well he would resume his old suit. Alas! her trial was at hand. A few hours afterwards, he gained admission to her presence, to give letters that Count Ludovick had intrusted to him, little suspecting he placed himself so much in the power of a viper. From that moment she knew no peace; each day she was tormented by his vile presence, and his vile persuasions, that brought the blush of shame into her cheeks, surmounted only by the glow that conscious pride induced. Strong were his persuasions and forcible, but mildness was succeeded by anger and stern determination, on finding himself rejected, and spurned as a base creature; threats were alike useless; each day brought fresh fortitude and renewed firmness to her, and further removed his chance of success.

But the preparations for the departure of Lord Xavier were drawing to a conclusion, and he resolved to make his last attempt, and accordingly threw in the full force of soft persuasion and harsh threat; but he was met with scorn, and repelled with disgust. High was his passion—bitter his imprecations; his ardent love, or rather lust, seemed turned to the most implacable hatred, and longing for revenge, he rushed from her presence resolved on her destruction.

On the same evening Lord Xavier repaired to his Café burning with revenge, and anxious to catch something wherewith to gratify the will. In this mood he took his seat at a little distance from a party of young nobles, who were full of mirth and conversation, so much so, indeed, that they did not notice the entrance of Xavier, to the most of whom he was personally known. Their jokes, however, were laid aside, on the name of Lady Enna being mentioned by one of the cavaliers.

"By my sword!" cried one, "she is the loveliest in the land."

"My body should pass through fire and

water to obtain but one smile from her lovely lips," cried another; and every gallant then gave vent to his feelings in similar tones of enthusiastic admiration, yet somewhat tempered with respect. But while this was passing at their table the heart of Xavier beat high, as he fancied he now saw a favourable mode of revenge within his grasp; twice did he give it up as ungenerous, but the evil spirit was stronger than the good, and conquered; and before his mind could be again changed he was at the table of his friends, and had stripped sweet Enna of her fair name. Some believed; others, looking up to her as a thing too pure to be contaminated, believed him not—still, doubt oppressed them, as the slanderer wore a bold front, on which appeared stamped the image of truth—yet all grieved that it should be thus.

Report soon spreads—Enna's name was in the mouth of all; those that were jealous of her could now take exception at her actions, and multiply their trifling reminiscences. Poor Enna! she was doomed to great suffering: at the same time that the odious aspersions reached her ears, and had roused her indignation to the highest, her senses were overwhelmed with grief at tidings from the army that her husband was either killed or prisoner; silently, but deeply, she sorrowed, that the only being she loved was carried from her, perhaps for ever. Still was there some hope; he might yet be a prisoner, and time might restore him to her arms; the afflicted ever catch at hope. Her mind was for a time numbed with the poignancy of grief; but hope afforded some consolation. Who hath she now to protect her in case of need? whom to fly to, to sustain her against malicious wrong? None hath her, save the supporting strength of her own virtue.

"God, aid me now in mine extremity," cried she, "for I am sore beset, forlorn, and unprotected! 'Twere better he should die than suspect my honour. Oh, Ludovick, Ludovick! would thou wert here to avenge thy injured wife!—but deeds, not words, must now be thought of!" and with a strength of mind worthy a politician, her course was quickly shaped.

Early on the morrow, when King Philip was holding counsel with the élite of his warriors, Enna forced herself into the presence, and on bended knee poured forth her grievances and accusation against Lord Xavier, claiming at once protection of the king, and demanding vengeance. All cried shame on him; but he still persisted in his affirmation.

"Shame on ye, shame!" cried Enna, "to drive a woman to this extremity; but I challenge ye to the lists!—the trial by the sword!"

A dozen nobles, on hearing this, sprang

to their feet with a cry of admiration, and threw their mailed gauntlets in defiance before Lord Xavier.

"Thanks, thanks, my lords!" cried Enna, gathering up the gauntlets, and restoring them each to its owner; "I would not that ye embroil yourselves for me; Heaven defends the innocent, and to Heaven I intrust my cause."

PART III.

The hour for the fight arrives; all is excitement and bustle, for all knew and all revered the Lady Enna—all hoped a fit champion would be provided, and that her knight might be successful. But time wears, and the king, in the midst of thousands, sits as judge. Many a heart beat thick, and quailed with doubt and fear as Lord Xavier appeared before the hustings. He was a man of noble bearing—tall and muscular, more fitted to be the champion of honour and truth than of his own villainy. But where is Enna? She is nowhere to be found to name her champion. Twice the trumpet of Lord Xavier hath sounded its loud defying blast, and yet no champion appeared; but the third: was answered; and a knight clad in bright steel appeared before the crowd, and made his obeisance to the king. He seemed quite a stripling, but wearing his visor down, his face could not be discerned; on his shield were three maiden roses on a pure silver field. Lord Xavier cast an eye of pity on him, and exclaimed,—"Forbear, rash stripling! thou art no match for me; get thee gone while thou hast thy life!" His exclamation was only answered by defiance, and both took their posture for the fight.

"Twas a fearful thing to see the young and puny knight of the three roses opposed to the gaunt frame of Xavier, and all trembled for the lady's cause. But the young knight feared not, and met his antagonist's thundering blows with intrepidity and caution; avoiding them with alacrity whenever he threw his whole strength into the blow, and catching them on his shield when less heavily dealt; occasionally giving a well-directed though not very ponderous cut, such mo so, indeed, that the lookers-on cheered him with shouts of praise. Fiercer and fiercer grew Lord Xavier, and warmth for the fight was succeeded by passion and rage, to be so long foiled by so puny an antagonist; the shouts of the crowd maddened him, and concentrating his whole strength for one tremendous blow, his sword cut through the air with a force that would have severed through helmet and skull of the knight of the three roses, had he not nimbly leaped aside: all held their breath in fear and suspense—Lord Xavier missed his aim, and bit the dust.

Louder than ever did the crowd shout; and the pale cheek of fear was exchanged for the smile of joy, as the young knight planted his foot on the fallen man, and placed his sword against his throat—“Confess thy villainy, or die!” cried he.

“Heaven hath conquered,” groaned Lord Xavier; “I do confess that I have slandered, foully slandered, the Lady Enna. She is as pure as thy own silver shield, and may God forgive me as I do repent my fault: yet spare my life.”

“Take it, poor wretch,” cried he, “and see to whom thou ow’st thy life.” The knight removed his helmet, and discovered the lovely face of the fair Enna. * * *

A few months afterwards, Count Ludovic clasped his beloved wife again to his bosom. He had been a prisoner, and was now exchanged; love and honour held them united in peace and happiness, but Lord Xavier was an outcast from mankind; the finger of scorn was pointed at him as a base and vile slanderer. He fell in the wars of his country, fighting to retrieve his lost honour.

J. E. A.

ST. MARYLEBONE BANK FOR SAVINGS.

76, Welbeck Street. Established July, 5, 1830.

Comparative statement of progress, at specified periods, during the last eight years:—

	Open Deposit Accounts.	Sums invested with National Debt Commissioners.
On 20th Nov. 1834	4,948	69,731
— 1835	6,492	95,090
— 1836	8,328	126,209
— 1837	9,947	155,910
— 1838	11,278	196,334
— 1839	11,935	223,353
— 1840	12,680	253,167
— 1841	13,004	266,407

T. FINNEY, Actuary.

A POPULAR DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, AND ITS CONTENTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNEL,

Author of “A Natural History of Quadrupeds,” &c.

The building which is now the British Museum, situated in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, was originally the residence of Ralph, first Duke of Montague; but since his decease it has been greatly enlarged and extended at different periods. Montague House, as it was called during his residence in it, was erected by P. Puget. It was established a national museum, by

act of parliament, in 1753, in consequence of Sir Hans Sloane having bequeathed to the nation his extensive collection of curiosities, (valued at 50,000/.) on condition that parliament paid 20,000/ to his executors, and purchased a house sufficiently commodious to contain it. This proposal was readily agreed to; and several other valuable collections having been added to that of Sir Hans Sloane, the whole establishment was completed for the sum of 85,000/., which was raised by a lottery.

George Edwards, in his “Essays upon Natural History,” published in 1770, has given us “an account of the names and numbers of the several species of things contained in the museum of Sir Hans Sloane, and which, since his death, are placed for the use of the public in the British Museum.” This catalogue is interesting in relation to the past and present state of the Museum. We learn from it that the Sloanean collection comprised 1886 quadrupeds, &c.; 1172 birds and their parts, eggs and nests of different species; 521 serpents, &c.; 1555 fishes and their parts; 363 crustaceans; 173 radiateans; 241 astertians, trochi, entrochi, &c.; 659 echinians; 5843 testaceans; 1421 corals, sponges, &c.; 5439 insects, &c.; 12,506 vegetals; 334 volumes of dried plants; 756 preparations of human anatomy, human calculi, &c.; 1275 fossils, flints, stones, &c.; 1035 specimens of earths, sands, salts, &c.; 399 of bitumens, sulphurs, ambers, &c.; 388 of talcs, micae, &c.; 1864 of crystals, spars, &c.; 2725 of metals, minerals, ores, &c.; 2256 of precious stones, agates, jaspers, &c.; 542 vessels &c. of agate, jasper, &c.; about 700 cameos and intaglios; 268 seals, &c.; 23,000 ancient and modern medals and coins; 1125 antiquities; 55 mathematical instruments; 2098 miscellaneous objects, natural, &c.; 471 framed pictures and drawings; about 50,000 volumes of printed books, manuscripts, and prints. Edwards copied this catalogue from one which Sir Hans Sloane shewed him, a year before the latter’s decease. The copyist, who was Sir Hans’ intimate friend, and constantly employed by him as an artist, adds, “Every single particular of all the above articles are numbered, and entered by name, with short accounts of them, and references to several authors who have heretofore written about them, in thirty-eight folio, and eight quarto volumes.”

The additions to the Sloanean collection include various purchases and liberal donations, which will be specified hereafter, when speaking of the particular classes of objects which they comprise. Sir Humphrey Davy observes, that “when the British Museum was first established, in consequence of the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, President of the Royal Society, of his splendid collection

to the country, the trustees were either great officers of state, owing their situations to their office, or some persons of science, art, and letters, associated with them, elected by the principal trustees. At first, the leading trustees of the elected class were either distinguished members of the Royal Society, or highly accomplished noblemen and gentlemen, possessed of refined knowledge in art, or profound knowledge in science. The last scientific trustee elected was Henry Cavendish. Lately, the elections have been almost entirely made from branches of the aristocracy, or gentlemen of some parliamentary influence. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, are considered as the really active members of the trust; and overpowered, as those great officers must be, with the religious, legal, and legislative affairs of the country, it cannot be supposed that they can have much leisure or much opportunity to attend to the government or arrangement of the national collections. All the officers of the Museum, who ought to be either efficient librarians, or curators of the house, used to be elected in turns by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Speaker of the House of Commons; for Lord Eldon, when chancellor, always refused to act as trustee, considering, probably with great propriety, that he had other duties more essential to his office to perform. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that amongst the curators, assistant-librarians, and sub-librarians, there should be found many persons taken from the inferior departments of the church and of the public offices; places abounding with respectable, well-educated men, but not the natural seminaries of either naturalists or of persons of profound and refined taste in antiquities, collections of the works of art, and monuments of the genius of the great people of antiquity. If men of the highest distinction as to specific character, had always occupied the most exalted offices in the Museum, either as curators of the collections, or as zoologists, mineralogists, botanists, and superintendants of the ancient collections of sculpture and painting; and if the salaries of such officers had been made respectable, and their rank a gratifying or enviable one, there would have been always a sufficient number of aspirants after such situations, and we should not have required the assistance of foreigners in that establishment, which ought to be the natural school of our academies in science and art. But unfortunately, in England, science is not the taste either of the court or of the government; if it were, the British Museum might be the most magnificent collection of the beauties and wonders of nature and art, formed from every quarter of the globe,

and containing the most splendid monuments of the glory of the most powerful of the ancient nations of the earth.*

The Museum is open for public inspection every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday throughout the year, except during the month of September, and on the thirtieth of January, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, the fifth of November, and on any fast or thanksgiving day that may occur. Children in arms are not admitted, nor are walking-sticks and umbrellas, which must therefore be left in the lobby, where they are taken charge of gratuitously, the officers being very properly forbidden to demand or receive any fees. The officers are instructed to refuse admittance to, or to remove, any visitors whose appearance is not clean, decent, and orderly. No matter what costume a man may wear, he has a positive right to free admission, provided he is clean and not in tatters; and this right, if refused, should be insisted on with perseverance and determination. A man servant complained in the "Times" newspaper, of March 1, 1832, that he had been refused admission to the Museum on an open and public day, in consequence of his wearing a livery, notwithstanding he saw "soldiers and sailors admitted without the least objection."† The editor of the paper remarked, "We suspect the regulation is not so much owing to any aristocratical notions on the part of the directors of the Museum, as to that fastidious feeling which prevails in this country more than any other, and most of all among the lower ranks of the middle classes." The editor of the "Mirror" also observed upon this case, that "If servants consent to wear liveries to gratify the vanity of their wealthy employers, it is hard to shut them out from common enjoyments on that account. This is in the true spirit of vassalage, of which the liveries are comparatively a harmless relic. In Paris we remember seeing a round-frocked peasant, apparently just from the plough, pacing the polished floor of the Louvre Gallery with rough-nailed shoes, and then resting on the velvet-topped settees; and he was admitted gratis." Cobbett attacked the institution of the British Museum, and decried all such establishments as a scandalous misapplication of the public money, upon principle, and he vituperated the payment of one thousand pounds in the purchase of what he calls a pack of dead insects. With respect to the repositories of literature, science, and art, we have three great faults in our country. Our kings and government have grasped at every fraction

* Dr. Davy's "Life of Sir Humphrey Davy," vol. ii. pp. 342-344.

† In other words, the directors see no harm in admitting *lobsters* boiled or unboiled; but they deem it would be dangerous to let *tigers* in livery room through the rooms.—J. H. F.

of the public money for themselves, and have not spent a tittle of what they ought to have spent on such objects; secondly, when we have formed such establishments we mismanage them or convert them into jobs; and, what is worse than both, we shut them up at the only time when they can be useful to the people. There are probably two hundred thousand persons in London, whose days are spent behind counters, and in reputable industry, above manual toil. These people, well dressed, well behaved, and educated, might cheer their spirits, exhausted by confinement; they might moralize their feelings, acquire refinement of sentiment, and learn practical piety, by looking through Nature up to Nature's God. But no! the repository, bought out of their money, and in which they might view all the wonders and beauties of nature and art, is shut against them on the only day on which they could otherwise enter it. We drive these people to alehouses, and to coarse and demoralizing pleasures, from a fear of violating the sabbath. But, Cobbett asked, what good can these insects do to the poor weavers and spinners of Lancashire, or to the poor farmers, labourers, and shopkeepers, of any place? I answer, "Immense good;" and it is to the poor that almost all the good is done. These insects are the objects of the science termed entomology. This science is an important link in natural philosophy. It is connected with physiology, comparative anatomy, chemistry, and by it alone have we been enabled to discover many of the delicate, but important organs and functions of the human frame. On these depend the success of surgery, and the application of medicine to the relief of pain, and the prolongation of life. Few individuals are rich enough to form museums, and the public purse ought to aid in facilitating the study of useful science. The poor alone are benefited by this public encouragement, for however expensive scientific research may be, the rich can pursue it. When, therefore, it is asked what use these "*insects*" can be to the poor weavers of Lancashire? it may be answered, that so much of sound and useful knowledge has been diffused among these weavers, and among the public generally, that there is not one adult in a thousand sane persons, who would not be interested and instructed by an inspection of some one or more objects in this national collection. Let those who doubt this, repair thither on any public holiday when the British Museum is open, and see the curiosity and delight which is marked in the countenances of all the thousands of artisans that throng the rooms.

Strictly speaking, the British Museum, being public property, ought to be open to every man, woman, or child, no matter

what their age, station, or dress. Let there be soap and water, and cloaks and blouses, always ready in the hall for the gratuitous use of those poor artisans who may present themselves with unclean skins and torn clothes, and whose workmanlike appearance might offend the eyes of the would-be exclusives. The Spitalfields' weavers are noted for their fondness for studying the habits of, and collecting, birds, insects, &c.; but how are they, in their present distressed state, many of them being in tatters, to compare their specimens with those in the Museum? Any man who can be permitted to walk in the street ought to be permitted to walk through the Museum. We read of a Linneus travelling with his heels peeping out of his shoes, and many other clever men have been in as bad a plight; but are they therefore to be denied admittance to a building which is as much their property as any other person's. Mr. Swainson, in his "Discourse on the Study of Natural History," p. 326, says that he was "particularly struck one day, during a visit to the Manchester Natural History Society's Museum, at seeing two or three workmen looking at some specimens, and comparing them with others brought for the purpose; the *superior tone and manners* of these humble admirers of nature were very striking, and at once shewed the effect of such tastes upon the inward man." At this Manchester Museum a board over the door announces that "No servants or young children can be admitted." The commentary on this, by Mr. J. E. Gray, in the "Analyst," vol. v. (1836), p. 275, is deserving of notice, he being the zoological curator at the British Museum: "I doubt the policy and regret the feeling," he says, "which could dictate such regulations, especially the last, as I should have thought the admission of children, with a view of imparting a taste for the beauties of nature, in the rising generation, would have been one of the most ardent wishes of the subscribers." The Newcastle Natural History Society do every thing in their power to encourage the workmen of the different factories in the neighbourhood to visit their museum with their families in the evening, when it is lighted up with gas; and why should not the same liberality, without any restriction, be displayed at the British Museum, which, unlike that of Newcastle, is public property—everybody's property?

On December 7, 1784, the celebrated Hutton, being in London, visited the collection, and his description of his visit exhibits a different and less liberal mode of reception than that which now prevails; he says, "The British Museum justly stands in the first class of rarities; I was unwilling to quit London without seeing what I had many years wished to see, but how to ac-

complish it was the question. I had not one relation in that vast metropolis to direct me, and only one acquaintance—but assistance was not with him; I was given to understand that the door, contrary to other doors, would not open with a silver key; that interest must be made some time before, and admission granted by a ticket on a future day. This mode seemed totally to exclude me. As I did not know a right way; I was determined to pursue a wrong, which probably might lead me to a right. Assiduity will accomplish weighty matters, or how could Obadiah Roberts count the grains in a bushel of wheat? By good fortune I stumbled upon a person possessed of a ticket for the next day, which he valued at less than two shillings; we struck a bargain in a moment, and were both pleased; and now I feasted upon my future felicity: I was not likely to forget Tuesday, at eleven, December 7, 1784. We assembled on the spot, about ten in number, all strangers to me, and, perhaps, to each other. We began to move pretty fast, when I asked with some surprise if there were none to inform us what the curiosities were as we went on. A tall young man, genteel in person, replied with some warmth, ‘What! would you have me tell you everything in the Museum? How is it possible?—Besides, are not the names written upon many of them?’ I was too much humbled by this reply to utter another word. The company seemed influenced; they made haste and were silent—no voice was heard but in whispers. The history and the object must go together; if one is wanting the other is of little value; I considered myself in the midst of a rich entertainment consisting of ten thousand rarities, but, like Tantalus, I could not taste one. It grieved me to think how much I lost for want of a little information. In about thirty minutes we finished our silent journey through this princely mansion, which would have taken thirty days; I went out much about as wise as I went in, but with this severe reflection—that, for fear of losing my chance, I had, that morning, abruptly torn myself from three gentlemen with whom I was engaged in an interesting conversation, had lost my breakfast, had got wet to the skin, spent half a crown in coach-hire, spent two shillings for a ticket, had been hackneyed through the rooms with violence, lost the little share of good humour I brought in, and came away quite disappointed. Hope is the most active of all human passions—it is the most delusive; I had laid more stress on the British Museum than on anything I should see in London; it was the only sight that disgusted me. In my visit to Don Saltero's curiosities at Chelsea, they furnished me with a book explaining every article in the collection; there I could take my time and entertain myself.”

The complaints which Mr. Hutton makes in the preceding observations no longer attach to the institution, for the specimens are not only labelled, but catalogues are published at a cheap rate, and sold in the hall. However, their descriptions are meagre, and with the view of imparting a more extensive and familiar acquaintance with the various objects contained in the Museum, I intend to submit a series of descriptive papers to the perusal of the readers of the “MIRROR.”

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

MARGUERITE.

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF “SKETCHES IN FRANCE,” ETC.

(Continued from p. 327.)

THE criticism appeared several days before M. Chambel was aware of it. His publisher might, however, have informed him sooner; but this gentleman, who was about to sign a new contract with the poet, did not deem it à propos to do so, and it was not till the agreement was made that the bookseller asked M. Chambel if he had thanked M. de Morency for the flattering article which had appeared in his journal. The latter appeared surprised; and on stating that he had not seen it, the bookseller raised his hands *au ciel*, expressed his astonishment at the blindness of the poet to his own interest, said that he did not know how to avail himself of the patronage and influence of the press; and that he must go *instante* and express his gratitude to M. de Morency. Chambel, after evincing a little repugnance, promised to call upon the editor; he bought the journal, and took it to his wife, who, after hearing what the bookseller had said, urged her husband to go immediately and thank the spirited editor for his flattering remarks. Chambel for some time remonstrated, saying that he had read the article, and had found nothing so remarkable in it as to oblige him to take such a step, at least, so hurriedly. At last he was prevailed upon; and as he arose, Madame asked him if he knew where M. de Morency lived.

“Why—he is our neighbour.”

“Indeed!”

“Yes; it is he who lives in the house at the foot of the garden.”

“Ah!” Madame Chambel said, “the lady, then, that I have sometimes seen at the window is Madame de Morency?”

“Yes.”

“And the young lady who walks in the garden is her daughter?”

“I believe not.”

“Well,” Madame Chambel said, after a moment's silence; “well, I am glad you

have not got far to go; it will not be long before you return."

M. Chambel went out, and Madame thought to herself—

"How strange it is that he should know all this; he could never have obtained this information without a motive; he must have something in view."

She then endeavoured to dispel the vague suspicions which had crossed her mind, by trying to imagine that he had gained the information by chance; but impressions arising from jealousy are not to be moved at will. She knew that a lady who was exceedingly handsome inhabited that house; and more than that, there was also a young girl whose rare beauty could not fail to kindle the soul of a poet. After lecturing and blaming herself, and finding it ridiculous—nay, even uncharitable, to entertain such thoughts, she sat down at the window, her eyes fixed upon the house that her husband had entered, as if she were penetrating the walls with her looks. She pictured to herself her husband's entrance, his bowing, and sitting down; she calculated the time required for each of those actions; then began the conversation, saying to herself all that might be said in such a case between people who were strangers to each other. At last she thought that the visit was long; that Pierre, who was naturally taciturn, must be about to leave; that he was on his way home; that he was at the door; but as she did not hear him knock, she went to see how long he had been absent, and found that it was not yet five minutes since he had left.

Madame Chambel did not deem herself secure of her husband's love; she felt, as if by instinct, that some day he would profit by the crime which she had committed for him as an excuse for those which he might commit against her. Besides, she was older than her husband, and, although assured, notwithstanding her age, that she still possessed attractions, she knew that there were women who made it a point to ridicule every man whose wife was older than himself.

M. Chambel's reception at De Morency's was not only cordial, but highly flattering to his vanity as a man of letters. M. de Morency was not sparing in the most extravagant encomiums on his literary merit, and Madame was equally liberal with her pleasing looks and gracious smiles. Chambel, however, evinced no surprise at this—it was no more than he expected; but when De Morency said that the eminent Abbot, M. Norton, was desirous of having a personal interview with him, he appeared elated with the honour which was about to be conferred on him.

After the lapse of a few days M. Chambel received an invitation for himself and his wife to pass an evening at M. de

Morency's. Madame Chambel made no remark, although she did not appear overjoyed at the idea of forming an intimacy with that family.

A few hours before the time appointed for Chambel's visit, l'Abbé Norton was seen knocking at the door of M. de Morency, and a few minutes afterwards was engaged in conversation with Madame.

"I crave your pardon," the Abbot said, "for asking you to perform a task which may not be an agreeable one, but at the same time I pray you not to undertake it if you should find anything displeasing in it."

"Indeed!—what is it?"

"If you bring to your recollection what I said yesterday to M. de Morency relative to M. Chambel, you must be aware that I wish to make the young man one of us; I know what he is, what he has been, but I am totally ignorant of his opinions, and above all, of the reliance which may be placed in the engagements contracted between us."

Madame de Morency gave a slight inclination of her head, as if intimating her approval of the Abbot's method of thinking. He continued—

"Men do not like to be interrogated by their own sex upon the laws which govern their minds; besides, such questions would be out of place, and the vanity of man might prevent him from speaking freely."

Madame de Morency again nodded her head, as if in approbation.

"I have a friend," he said, "intimate with M. Chambel, but I would not charge him with the delicate mission; we can learn a man's principles and opinions only from those who surround him, and particularly from those whom he loves."

Madame de Morency looked at the Abbot, but there was no approbative nod, for she knew that the critical moment was fast approaching, and she did not wish to engage herself to do anything without weighing well the demand required.

"If I were not very awkward in such undertakings, I assure you I would not hesitate to speak to M. Chambel; however, after what Madame Chambel has done for her husband, she must love him, and that love must naturally have led her to observe his most trivial actions. What I intend proposing is honourable, but his opinions, his projects, may be obstacles to it; if it be so, we will then let the matter rest. I hope you will have no objection to this undertaking?"

Madame de Morency had listened attentively, and such is the meaning she affixed to this long series of crooked phrases:

Before taking any decisive step with M. Chambel, I wish to know his opinions; you shall obtain the required information from his wife, which you will tell me.

"In that case," Madame de Morency

said, "I must see Madame Chambel before the husband is introduced to you."

"True, true," the Abbot replied. "Well, I have a visit to pay to a friend of mine, I shall be back at ten o'clock."

As soon as he had left, Madame de Morency expressed her delight at the expedient; for by finding out the opinions of M. Chambel she would excite the jealousy both of his wife and of her own husband.

After the ceremonies of an introduction Madame de Morency at once began the attack.

"Indeed, Madame," she said, "M. Chambel has not looked much to your comfort in accepting the invitation of my husband; they have brought you, Madame, you, who are young and handsome, to a house where your ear will be continually dinned with political discussions."

"I will endeavour," Madame Chambel replied, dryly, "to comprehend and appreciate them."

"If so, Madame, I shall be quite delighted; but you are not aware that I have a political mission to fulfil in which you are concerned."

"I concerned!" Madame Chambel said in astonishment.

"Yes, Madame; the eminent talent of M. Chambel has attracted the attention of M. Norton, the Abbot, who is desirous of having your husband to edit his journal; and as men generally have an aversion to divulge their opinions, the Abbot has requested me to learn from you those of M. Chambel, and to ascertain also if he has made any engagement that may cause him to refuse his proposition."

Madame Chambel, who expected to hear something else, was astonished at the question; and while she was hesitating, Madame de Morency continued—

"If the Abbot had heard me putting the question in so direct a manner he would have upbraided me for my *maladresse*; I must avow, that at first it was my intention to resort to a *ruse* in order to obtain the required information, but I find that women do not open their minds to each other so freely as men imagine. Now that you know what is expected of me, I trust, being assured that it is for M. Chambel's interest, you will give me all the information in your power."

"I have no right," Madame Chambel replied, with a dignified air, "to divulge the secrets of my husband, but I do not think his opinions are in accordance with those of the Abbot; and although I know not of any fixed engagement of my husband, I am certain he will not accept the one proffered by the Abbot."

"O," Madame de Morency replied, "you know this is an affair between these gentlemen; the Abbot, probably, will be as ex-

plicit with your husband as I have been to you; he only wishes, by knowing his opinions, to avoid making any proposition which may offend M. Chambel. However, the Abbot thinks that if you deem his offer worthy, he would be almost certain of your husband's acceptance."

"What—I?" Madame Chambel said, with an air of still greater astonishment.

"Since I am charged with this mission, I must in some way fulfil it. There is one thing, however, I would tell you in confidence, if you were not the wife of M. Chambel: the Abbot is absolutely infatuated with your husband, and I assure you that when once he takes any one into his good graces it is not long before the person so honoured fills the most distinguished situation; but this is predicting what may happen, whilst my duty is to ask you only a simple question. What am I to say to the Abbot?"

Madame Chambel was hesitating, when a thought suddenly started into her mind; it was, that the best security she could have against the youth of her husband would be to see him linked with the projects of an ambitious man, who could excite in those connected with him that passion which absorbs all others. Influenced by this idea, she expressed her gratitude for the Abbot's kindness, and desired Madame de Morency to inform him that her husband would, in all probability, accept the offer so kindly proffered.

When the Abbot arrived, Madame de Morency told him of the success of her embassy, at which he appeared delighted, and said—at least, such is the purport of what he did say—

"In that case we are certain to have M. Chambel."

In fact, a few days afterwards the poet was enlisted in the service of the Abbot, and Madame de Morency and Madame Chambel were linked together in close friendship. We must now turn our attention to what occurred two months after this alliance.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOSHUA NEWBURN.

The following narrative, relating to Joshua Newburn, who has recently returned to this country, after having been captured by the natives of New Zealand, and after having served for nearly nine years and a half under the chiefs of various tribes, during which period he underwent the cruel torture of tattooing, is authentic, and may be depended upon. There is something so truly extraordinary in the history of this young man's life, during his resi-

dence in the interior of the island of New Zealand, that a few observations relating to him cannot fail to prove extremely interesting.

Joshua Newburn is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Henry Newburn, for many years a freeman of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, in the city of London, and was born in the parish of St. Luke, on the 27th of March, 1817. His family are still living in that parish in respectable circumstances. He received a plain education at an Hoxton academy (Gloucester House), under a Mr. Pearce, and was afterwards apprenticed to a gas-fitter in the city; but his inclinations being seaward, his father caused his indentures to be cancelled, and on the 27th of February, 1832, he was articled for the term of three years to a Captain Plant, master of a whaler bound to the South Seas, named the Marquis of Lansdowne. After a voyage of three months and fifteen days from the date of leaving Portsmouth, the ship reached the Bay of Islands on the New Zealand Coast, where she brought up; and young Newburn, who was then but fifteen years of age, having suffered much sickness on board, obtained leave to go ashore to seek medical advice. As there were several canoes manned with natives around the ship, trading with the crew, Newburn took the advantage of bargaining with a *rungateree*, or lead boatman, to take him ashore; but after they had left the ship, instead of the men rowing into the mouth of the harbour to the English settlements, they made away for a sandy beach at some distance off, and having dragged him on shore, they stripped him quite naked, beating him at the same time with their paddles, till they left him insensible; they then took to the canoe and made off. As soon as he had partially recovered from the effects of their violence, he wandered about the island in quest of a human habitation, desirous, if possible, of alighting upon some white man. This he continued to do for two days and nights, making the best of his way through forests of fern, breast-high, which (he being quite bereft of clothing) shockingly chased and lacerated his body. On the third morning, as he sat under a tree, famished with hunger and exhausted with fatigue, he was perceived by two native youths, the sons of a chief living hard by, who, pitying his condition, conducted him to the hut of their father, who was lying sick upon a mat. Seeing that he (Newburn) was destitute of clothing, he furnished him with an old pair of canvas trowsers, and a tattered shirt, and having afforded him such refreshment as his circumstances would admit of, he sent him to a neighbouring chief, who, he said, would use him well.

To follow the life and adventures of this

young man, from that period up to the time of his quitting the country for England; to detail the chequered circumstances he met with during the nine years and upwards he served with various tribes of the island; to depict the scenes he witnessed, the imminent perils he encountered, the severe, almost incredible hardships he endured, the dreadful privations he underwent, and the miraculous escapes he experienced, would occupy the space of a large volume. He is now in London, and although he speaks his native language correctly, yet it is with difficulty that he at times can find words wherewith to express his ideas. His body is cicatrized in many places from the wounds he has from time to time received from the spears and knives of the natives whilst he was engaged under different chiefs, contending with militant tribes; and his face has undergone the horrible operation of tattooing, which gives him the appearance of a New Zealand chief. Although he is now only in his twenty-fifth year, from the acute sufferings he has undergone (having been at one period exposed for fourteen months in the bush), he appears considerably older, and his constitution has been so severely shattered that it is quite impossible that he could have subsisted another year had he remained on the island. He speaks the New Zealand language with the utmost fluency, and became ultimately so thoroughly initiated into the ways, habits, and manners of the natives, that they identified him with themselves, and styled him by a term of distinction, "Mootoah," which means "the tattooed spirit." In describing the scenes he witnessed among the tribes he is exceedingly simple, and imparts what information may be sought of him in a very clear and artless manner.

He states that the first instance of human butchery he witnessed in the island was shortly after his arrival. A canoe landed a crew of natives whilst he was standing on the beach near a pah, or village, named Korozaika; he perceived two females among them, who were particularly good-looking; among them was a very powerfully made man, who held a tomahawk in his hand, and who followed close upon the heels of the women as they proceeded on the beach, when he suddenly stepped before them, and with one blow with his weapon nearly severed her head from her body; he afterwards performed the same tragical operation upon the other female, and left them weltering in their blood upon the beach. As soon as he had sufficiently collected himself he ran home to the pah, appalled at what he had seen, and, as well as he could, communicated the circumstance to his chief, fearing that himself and his tribe might be beset by the party. Upon inquiry, however, it was discovered

that the women were the slaves of a neighbouring chief, who had given his command that they should be tomahawked out of his own settlement for there disobeying his orders with regard to his children. He moreover states that, some time afterwards, when he was at a pah called "Warakaika," he bore witness to one of the most revolting acts of butchery that it could be destined for the human eye to behold. The chief of the tribe under which he served had waged war with the chief of another tribe located in a pah a short distance off them. They sallied forth just before daybreak, armed with muskets, spears, and tomahawks (for the natives, he says, when they want to surprise an enemy, consider this the most seasonable time, entertaining an idea that sleep lays its hand more heavily upon the slumberer at that particular period than any other that is appropriated to repose), and the chief having fired off his musket on their arrival at the pah, as a signal for the commencement of hostilities, they all began the war-dance, which was kept up for about two minutes, when they fired their muskets into the mat-houses of the enemy, and then took to their spears and tomahawks, and after a desperate conflict the pah surrendered, and the tribe were made prisoners and bound. Then the chief of his tribe went round to each prisoner and despatched the whole of them, one after another, by striking them on the head with his tomahawk. He moreover adds, that there were among the number of the captives one chief of high rank, as also a seer or diviner, and a noted warrior, who were all three seated upon a rush mat by themselves. The chief of his tribe advanced towards them, and with his tomahawk tapped their several heads and drank the blood as it ran from them. Another man of his tribe took out the eyes of the wretched victims and ate them raw, life not being out of the former. They finally cut off their limbs and quartered them ready for the oven.

But the most dreadful feature in this act of massacre was that of man and woman bound together, the former being the son of the opponent chief of the pah, the latter his wife, who held a child, about nine months old, in her arms. This young warrior had murdered, with his own hand, several of the tribe to which he (Newburn) belonged; and having dragged the woman, after having untied her from her husband, into an adjoining compartment, and after having committed the grossest acts of violence upon her, they tore the infant from her protection, and taking it up by the legs battered its head against the sides of the hut. As to the unfortunate husband, they cut slices of flesh from his body, and thrusting the same into his mouth, asked

him if it "was good, and tasted well." He stopped in this place for two days with his tribe, during which time they were employed in cooking their enemies, in such a manner as to keep them for some length of time. This process is performed by first cutting away all the flesh from the bones, and separating the lean from the fat: the fat is fried in earthen vessels, to yield a lard; the lean is baked in the oven. The latter is then put into calabashes, and the fat poured over it; by this means the meat will keep sound for upwards of twelve months.—*The Times*.

PEDESTRIAN TRAVELLING.

THE wisest and happiest traveller is the pedestrian. If gentlemen and ladies want to see pictures, let them post to Florence, and be satisfied with learning what they can from the windows by the way. But if they want to see either scenery or people, let all who have strength and courage go on foot. I prefer this even to horseback. A horse is an anxiety and a trouble—something is sure to ail it; and one is more anxious about its accommodation than about one's own. The pedestrian traveller is wholly free from care. There is no such free man on earth as he is for the time; his amount of toil is usually within his own choice, in any civilized region. He can go on and stop when he likes; if a fit of indolence overtakes him, he can linger for a day or a week in any spot that pleases him. He is not whirled past a beautiful view almost before he has seen it. He is not tantalized by the idea, that from this or that point he could see something still finer, if he could but reach it. He can reach almost every point his wishes wande to. The pleasure is indescribable of saying to one's self, "I will go there—I will rest yonder," and forthwith accomplishing it. He can sit on a rock in the midst of a rushing stream as often in a day as he likes. He can hunt a waterfall by its sound—a sound which the carriage wheels prevent other travellers from hearing. He can follow out any tempting glade in any wood. There is no cushion of moss at the foot of an old tree that he may not sit down on if he pleases. He can read for an hour without fear of passing by something unnoticed while his eyes are fixed upon his book. His food is welcome, be its quality what it may, while he eats it under the alders in some recess of a brook. He is secure of his sleep, be his chamber ever so sordid; and when his waking eyes rest upon his knapsack, his heart leaps with pleasure as he remembers where he is, and what a day is before him. Even the weather seems to be of less consequence to the pedestrian

than to other travellers. A pedestrian journey presupposes an abundance of time, so that the traveller can rest in villages on rainy days, and in the shade of a wood during the hours when the sun is too powerful.—*Miss Martineau's Instructions for Travellers.*

The Gatherer.

First Love.—In all, its approach causes great changes in the character, and usually alters the entire complexion of life. “Be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light; the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat; and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when we become all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent for him, who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; for the figures, the motions, the words, of the beloved object, are not, like other images, written in water, but, as Plutarch said, “enamelled in fire,” and make the study of midnight.” We are of those who believe that, in strict truth, the first love is the only real, all-pervading affection. There are other sentiments on which the marriage relation may be founded, with fair and reasonable hopes of a happy result. But no one can love two individuals, simultaneously or successively, with equal strength. There is a fervour in the freshness of the heart’s first gift that no second occasion can quicken. Petrarch could never have found another Laura. Though his love was at first sight, it endured until twenty-one years had terminated the life of its object. Our earliest manners, tones of voice, and expression of countenance, endure the longest. So does the stamp of love’s seal, when new, outshine every subsequent impression.

The new Royal Exchange.—The first stone of the new Royal Exchange will be laid by Prince Albert early in January: Mr. Tite has received directions to erect a covered scaffolding for twelve hundred spectators. The site chosen is that of the first stone of the old Royal Exchange, laid by Charles II. The contract is taken at

the sum of 115,900*l.*, and the building is to be finished by the 25th of June, 1844, under a penalty of 20*l.* per day.

Paper Money.—The origin of this species of circulating medium is perhaps of higher antiquity than has hitherto been suspected. The Chinese, who have anticipated so many of our most curious and useful inventions, seem also to have a claim to this; for in a curious compilation, entitled, “The Names, Laws, and Customs of all Nations,” printed in 1611, it is said, “they (the Chinese) have paper money, four square, and stamp’d with the king’s image, which, when it waxeth old, they change with the king for coine that is new stamp’t.”

Iron Mask.—On Nov. 19th, 1703, died in the Bastille of Paris, an unknown prisoner, who has been celebrated throughout Europe under the appellation of “the Man with the Iron Mask.” He had been confined, for state reasons, from the year 1661. There have been various discussions and controversies respecting his identity, some having held him to be prince of the royal family of France; but it seems now to be tolerably clear, that he was an Italian diplomatist, who had counterfeited some projects of Louis the Fourteenth, and who was therefore condemned by that despotic sovereign to perpetual imprisonment, with an iron mask always on his face, to conceal his features.

Fossil Bones.—A rare discovery of fossil bones has recently been made in Mr. Brewer’s quarry, in Boxfield, Wiltshire. They were found in a cavern, seventy feet under the surface, and have the same appearance as the freestone or oolite, but are much lighter. They are numerous, and amongst them the vertebrae are very distinct, and some have bones like legs, and a head, but there is nothing to indicate that they belong to any existing species. Nothing of the kind has ever before been found in the locality, nor in cutting the Box-tunnel, though specimens of vegetables and fish have been found in the inferior oolite, and the clay on which it was recumbent.—*Wiltshire Independent.*

Kirchoff, a Russian chemist, who discovered the process of converting starch into sugar, has made several experiments on milk, by which it appears that that fluid may be preserved for use for an indefinite time. Fresh milk is slowly evaporated by a very gentle heat, till it is reduced to dry powder, which is to be kept perfectly dry in a bottle well-stopped, for use; when required, it need only be diluted with a sufficient quantity of water; the mixture will then have all the taste and properties of milk. This powder must form a valuable addition to a sea-stock of provisions.

s to
44,
cies
gher
cted.
any
ons,
in a
mes,
nted
have
with
xeth
voine

died
pri-
about
Man
con-
1661.
and
some
royal
w to
alian
pro-
o was
potic
with
neal

fossil
Mr.
shire.
y feet
e ap-
ut are
, and
stinct,
head,
they
thing
and in
unnel,
d fish
e, and
-Will-

o dis-
starch
iments
t that
n inde-
orated
iced to
fectly
when
with a
mixture
perties
valuable



THE TOMB OF FRANCESCO PETRARCH.